

The Visitor's Gift

By Glenn Currier

She came into the living room
noticed the painting on the wall
they said it was just an heirloom
and they barely noticed it at all.
She was entranced by the work of art
her eyes danced over its scene
said the painting touched her heart:
the shepherd in the valley of green
the puffy clouds, the grazing sheep
the gray mountains and that little boy
on the flowery hill sound asleep.
On her cheek appeared tears of joy.

I wonder what works of art I miss
in the landscape of my daily life
like the glint in her eye, the hint of bliss
the way a smile forms on my wife,
rich emerald ivy that bows to the light
roses blooming fresh outside
the candle's flame - gold in the night
the wedding picture and youth of my bride.
God grant me the gift of the visiting guest
who loves the colors and contours of the every day
to hear the poetry in that which I'm blessed
and transform this humble lump of clay.

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